DARK HORSE COMICS
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#26
THE GOON
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Dave Stewart

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Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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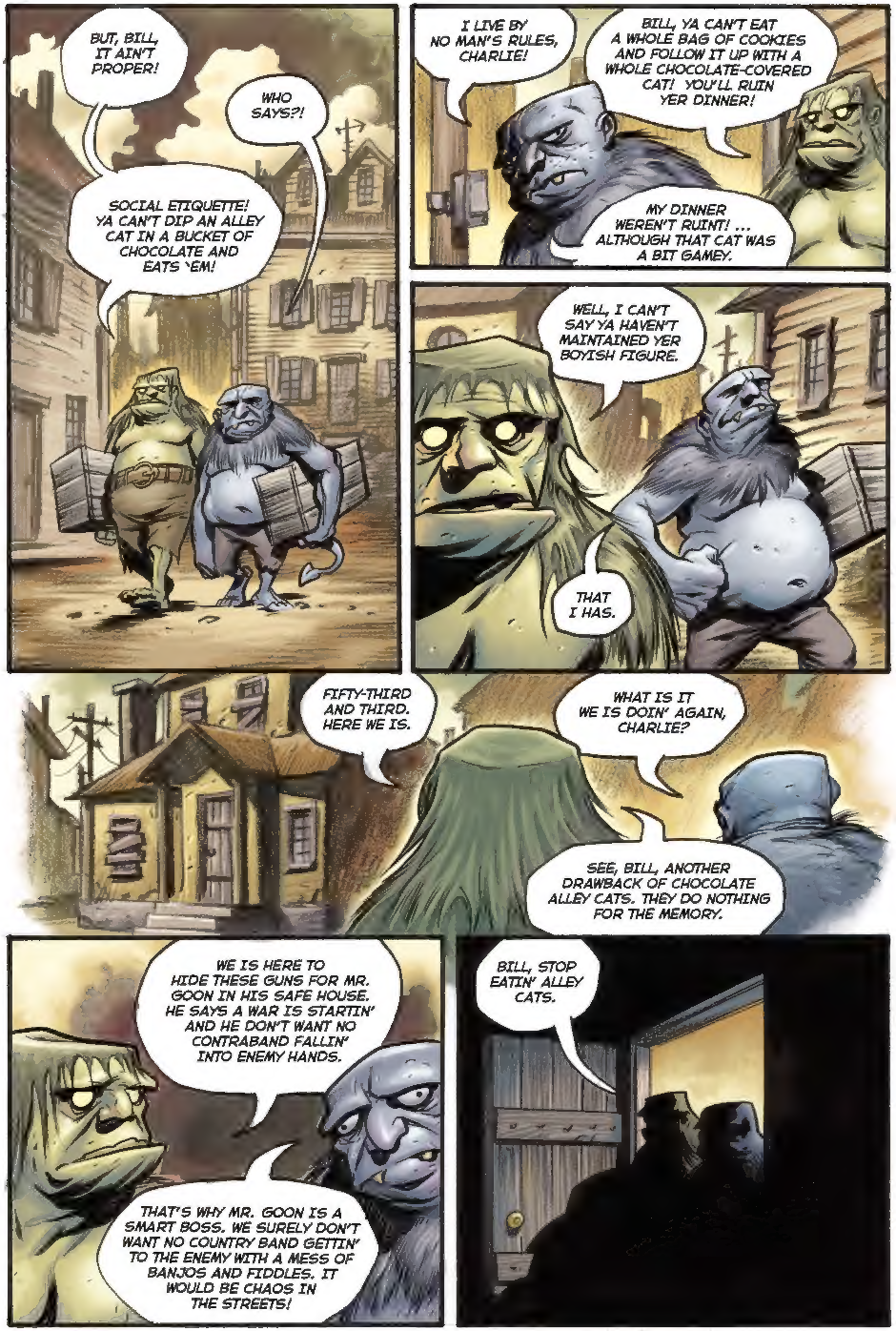

BUT, BILL, IT AIN'T PROPER!
WHO SAYS?!
SOCIAL ETIQUETTE! YA CAN'T DIP AN ALLEY CAT IN A BUCKET OF CHOCOLATE AND EATS 'EM!
I LIVE BY NO MAN'S RULES, CHARLIE!
BILL, YA CAN'T EAT A WHOLE BAG OF COOKIES AND FOLLOW IT UP WITH A WHOLE CHOCOLATE-COVERED CAT! YOU'LL RUIN YER DINNER!
MY DINNER WEREN'T RUINT! ... ALTHOUGH THAT CAT WAS A BIT GAMEY.
WELL, I CAN'T SAY YA HAVEN'T MAINTAINED YER BOYISH FIGURE.
THAT I HAS.
FIFTY-THIRD AND THIRD. HERE WE IS.
WHAT IS IT WE IS DOIN' AGAIN, CHARLIE?
SEE, BILL, ANOTHER DRAWBACK OF CHOCOLATE ALLEY CATS. THEY DO NOTHING FOR THE MEMORY.
WE IS HERE TO HIDE THESE GUNS FOR MR. GOON IN HIS SAFE HOUSE. HE SAYS A WAR IS STARTIN' AND HE DON'T WANT NO CONTRABAND FALLIN' INTO ENEMY HANDS.
THAT'S WHY MR. GOON IS A SMART BOSS. WE SURELY DON'T WANT NO COUNTRY BAND GETTIN' TO THE ENEMY WITH A MESS OF BANJOS AND FIDDLES. IT WOULD BE CHAOS IN THE STREETS!
BILL, STOP EATIN' ALLEY CATS.

BILL!
THUNK!
RATA-TA
TA-TA-TA
TA-TA!

MADAME ELSA'S
URLESOU
DANCE, YOU BLIND OLD FOOL!
HA! HA!
NOW SING! SING US A SONG!
Y-YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE ≋SOB≋ M-MY ONLY SUNSHINE ≋SNIFF≋ YOU MAKE ME... ≋WHIMPER≋
LOUDER!
HAPPYYYY WHEN SKIES ARE GRAAAAY!
THAT'S THE WORST SINGING I'VE EVER HEARD! YA GOT NO VOICE AND YOU DON'T FILL OUT THAT FRILLY LINGERIE AT ALL. WHAT KINDA STAGE ACT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE FOR MADAME ELSA AND MONSIEUR MACAQUE, HUH?

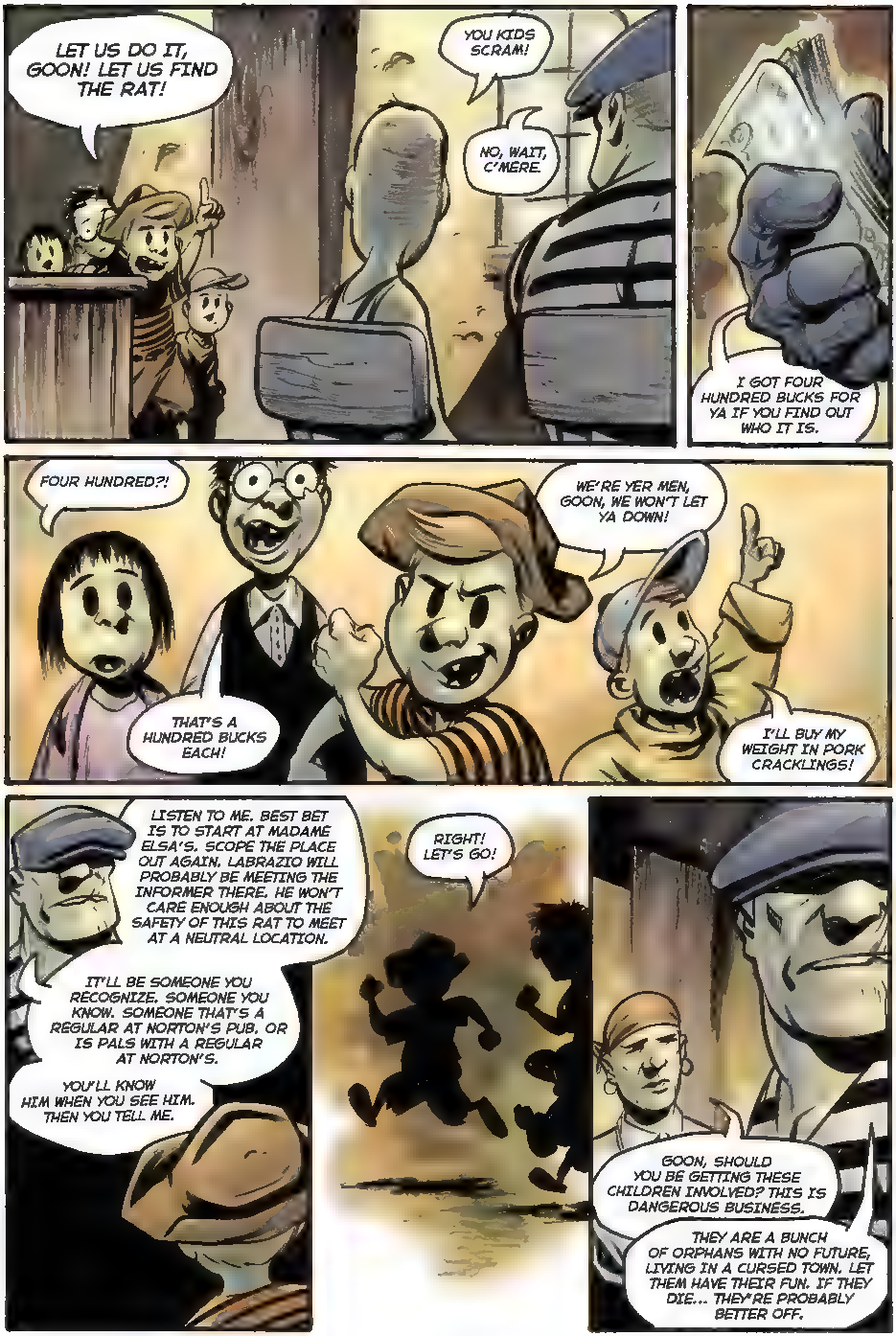
OH, WAIT, MAYBE YOU'RE FUNNY? YOU A COMEDIAN, OLD MAN?
CRACK!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
YEP, HE'S A COMEDIAN!
FILL EVERYONE'S GLASSES, MONSIEUR MACAQUE! TONIGHT WE ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE!
WE HAVE STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW AGAINST THE GOON'S GANG! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT HIS NUMBER-ONE MUSCLE, THOSE LEG-BREAKING MUDD BROTHERS, ARE DEAD!

BUT I'M A VET!
SHATTUP! HOSPITALS DON'T TAKE NO BOG LURKS! PATCH HIM UP OR IT'S YOUR HIDE!
BUT I ONLY WORK ON LIVESTOCK! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BOG-LURK ANATOMY!
YEAH, WELL, BOG LURKS IS JUST LIKE A HORSE WITHOUT HOOVES! MAYBE MORE LIKE A MULE! YEAH, A MULE WITH A SHORTER NOSE AND NO HOOVES!
NOW GET TA STITCHIN', YA ASS DOCTOR!
FINE, BUT THE ATTITUDE IS UNCALLED FOR.

SOMEBODY RATTED US OUT. THAT'S FOR SURE. THEY WEREN'T FOLLOWED—THEY WAS THERE WAITIN' ON THE MUDDS. THEY KNEW THE PLAN.
SO WHATTA WE DO?
WE FIND THE RAT.
Norton's PUB
CHARLIE MUDD IS GONNA LIVE. THAT VET PLUGGED ENOUGH OF THE HOLES TO KEEP HIM ALIVE.
OUR PROBLEM NOW IS FINDIN' THIS RAT.
AND GETTIN' EVEN! LABRAZIO HIT ONE OF OURS, WE GOTTA HIT ONE OF HIS!
I AGREE WITH THE LITTLE MAN. WE MUST STRIKE BACK.
OH, YEAH? WHATTA YOU SUGGEST? PUT A CURSE ON LABRAZIO? OH, WAIT, I FORGOT, YER WITCHCRAFT AIN'T WORKIN' ON HIM.
LOTTA GOOD YOU ARE.
TRUE, I CANNOT TOUCH LABRAZIO. BUT I CAN TOUCH THOSE THAT HELP HIM.
WHAT'S THAT?
IT IS A SCARF OWNED BY MADAME ELSA. THE BURLESQUE-HOUSE WOMAN THAT SHELTERS LABRAZIO.

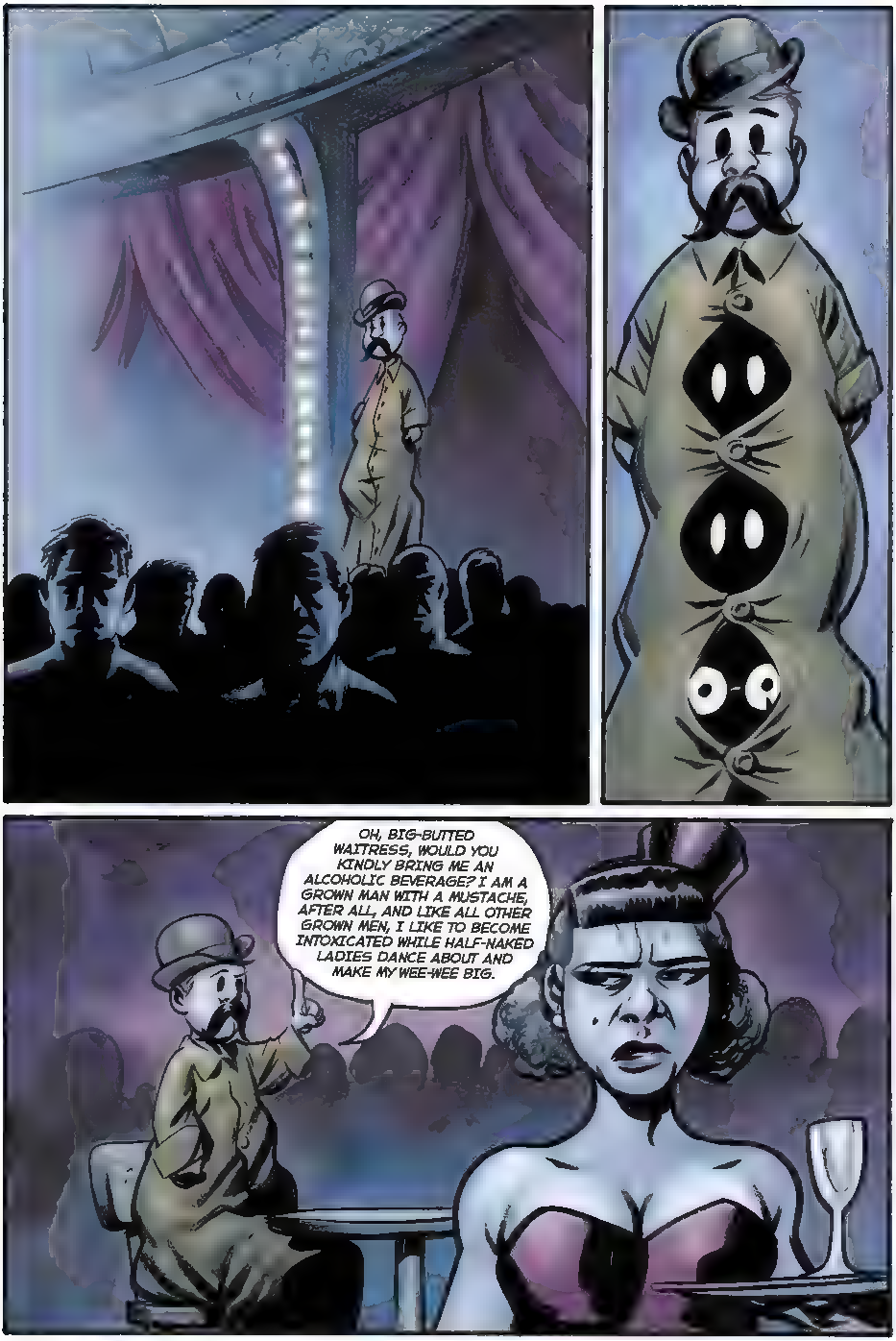
WHAT'S SHE DOIN'?
DUNNO.
HEH-HEH... HA! HA! HA!
MACAQUE, BRING ME MY ROBE! AND OPEN A BOTTLE OF--
AAAAH!
THERE. IT IS DONE. WE HAVE RETALIATED FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM MUDD.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
I JUST CURSED MADAME ELSA! I HAVE TWISTED HER BEAUTIFUL FACE INTO THAT OF A PESTILENT SWINE!
BWAH-HA! HEE! HA! HA! HA!
YA KNOW, I THINK I'M BEGINNIN' TO LIKE THAT DAME.
YA-HUH.
OKAY, SO THE BURLESQUE LADY NOW HAS A SWINE HEAD. BUT HOW DO WE FIND THE TRAITOR THAT SOLD OUT THE MUDDS?

WHO ASKED YOU TA CHIME IN, SLACK JAW, AND—WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS GUY'S A FRICKIN' SLACK JAW! HOW MUCH DID LABRAZIO PAY YOU, YA TRAITOR!
BOY, I MAY BE A LOT OF THINGS, BUT A RAT AIN'T ONE OF 'EM! THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS!
SIT DOWN!
IT WASN'T NAGEL. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE SAFE HOUSE WAS, AND I'VE HAD A TAIL ON HIM EVER SINCE MOMMA NORTON WAS SHOT.
NO OFFENSE, WILLY, BUT I HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE ON THE UP AND UP.
AW, IT'S ALL RIGHT, GOON. I'M USED TO BEING SUSPECT SINCE I'M DEAD AND ALL.
WELL, WHAT ABOUT THAT DAME MIRNA, THEN? SHE'S BACK IN TOWN, AND SHE WORKED AT THIS BAR LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN SOME OF OUR SECRETS.
BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE TIME THE MUDDS WERE GOING TO THE SAFE HOUSE.
SHE'S BEEN GOING ALL OVER TOWN ASKING IF ANYONE HAS HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT HER DEAD BROTHER. POOR GIRL IS GOING NUTTY IF YOU ASK ME.
SHE MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I FIND IT A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT THAT SHE SHOWS BACK UP IN TOWN AND ALL OF A SUDDEN MR. WICKER'S BACK. MY MONEY SAYS SHE'S WICKER. THAT SOMEHOW SHE FOUND A WAY TO DO WHAT HER BROTHER DID, AND TURN HERSELF INTO THAT THING. TO GET REVENGE ON ME.
BUT I'VE THOUGHT THAT BEFORE AND WAS WRONG.
ANYWAY, WE'LL DEAL WITH HER LATER. SHE AIN'T THE INFORMER.


LET US DO IT, GOON! LET US FIND THE RAT!
YOU KIDS SCRAM!
NO, WAIT, C'MERE.
I GOT FOUR HUNDRED BUCKS FOR YA IF YOU FIND OUT WHO IT IS.
FOUR HUNDRED?!
WE'RE YER MEN, GOON, WE WON'T LET YA DOWN!
THAT'S A HUNDRED BUCKS EACH!
I'LL BUY MY WEIGHT IN PORK CRACKLINGS!
LISTEN TO ME. BEST BET IS TO START AT MADAME ELSA'S. SCOPE THE PLACE OUT AGAIN. LABRAZIO WILL PROBABLY BE MEETING THE INFORMER THERE. HE WON'T CARE ENOUGH ABOUT THE SAFETY OF THIS RAT TO MEET AT A NEUTRAL LOCATION.
IT'LL BE SOMEONE YOU RECOGNIZE. SOMEONE YOU KNOW. SOMEONE THAT'S A REGULAR AT NORTON'S PUB, OR IS PALS WITH A REGULAR AT NORTON'S.
YOU'LL KNOW HIM WHEN YOU SEE HIM. THEN YOU TELL ME.
RIGHT! LET'S GO!
GOON, SHOULD YOU BE GETTING THESE CHILDREN INVOLVED? THIS IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS.
THEY ARE A BUNCH OF ORPHANS WITH NO FUTURE, LIVING IN A CURSED TOWN. LET THEM HAVE THEIR FUN. IF THEY DIE... THEY'RE PROBABLY BETTER OFF.

YES, MA'AM, I SEEN THAT WICKER FELLA QUITE A FEW TIMES HANGING AROUND THE BURLESQUE HOUSE. HE'S A CREEPY FELLA. AND THAT'S BECOME A CREEPY PLACE LATELY. I'D STEER CLEAR OF IT IF I WERE YOU.
MADAME ELSA'S
BURLESQUE
SKINNY?

AAAAAHHHHH!
DID YOU GUYS HEAR SCREAMIN'?
AWW, BUTTON IT! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY SCREAMIN' IN THIS TOWN! NOW C'MON! LET'S GET THIS DISGUISE ON!
HELLO, I'M A GROWN MAN WITH A MUSTACHE THAT ENJOYS WATCHING WOMEN SHAKE THEIR BOOBIES ABOUT. THEREFORE I WOULD LIKE ONE TICKET TO YOUR BURLESQUE SHOW, PLEASE, SINCE I HEAR YOU HAVE LOTS OF BOOBIES SHAKING ABOUT.
THANK YOU! NOW FOR BOOBIES! JUST THE THING FOR A GROWN MAN WITH A MUSTACHE!


OH, BIG-BUTTED WAITRESS, WOULD YOU KINDLY BRING ME AN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE? I AM A GROWN MAN WITH A MUSTACHE, AFTER ALL, AND LIKE ALL OTHER GROWN MEN, I LIKE TO BECOME INTOXICATED WHILE HALF-NAKED LADIES DANCE ABOUT AND MAKE MY WEE-WEE BIG.

IS THAT SOME KINDA CODE OR SOMETHIN', MISTER? I'LL GET YER DRINK, BUT JUST SO YOU KNOWS IT, WEE-WEE TOUCHING COSTS EXTRA.
HEY, THE HELL WITH YOU, LADY! AIN'T NO STRANGER TOUCHIN' MY WEE-WEE!
OR MY HOO-HA!
PERVE!
GUYS! OVER THERE! IT'S LABRAZIO!

SMASH!

I KNOW IT WAS YOU, MERLE!

CRACK!

THUD!
THUD!

WAKE UP, MERLE.
RAHH!
SLEEP, WOLF.
HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TURN INTO THE WOLF AS LONG AS THAT AMULET IS AROUND HIS NECK.
GOT ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME, MERLE?
GOON, LOOK, THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE!
YOU SOLD US OUT! BILL MUDD IS DEAD, MERLE!

I DIDN'T KNOW ANY OF THAT WAS GONNA HAPPEN! I SWEAR! I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO MAKE A BUCK, GOON! WE'RE PALS! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING I KNEW WAS GONNA HURT YOU GUYS! I SWEAR!
"PALS"? YOU SOLD INFORMATION TO THE MAN THAT MURDERED YOUR FRIEND'S MOTHER!
FRANKY, PLEASE, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, PLEASE, TALK SOME SENSE INTO HIM!
GO [redacted] YERSELF, MERLE.
I HEAR ONLY SILVER CAN KILL A WEREWOLF. THAT'S GOOD. THAT MEANS I CAN HURT YOU A LOT BEFORE I PUT THIS SILVER BULLET IN YOUR BRAIN!
NO! GOON! DON'T DO THIS!

AAAHHH!
PLEASE... KILL ME ...
YOU KNOW ME, MERLE, ANYTHING FOR AN OLD PAL.
BLAM!

EMPIRE
G8T